PORTO RICAN KITES.

Men and Women Fly Them as Well as Children.

A Common Sight Is a Flotilla of Big Kites Flying Over the Heads of Crowds of Old and Young.

On the long slopes of brilliant green grass that stretch away from the walls of Cristobal Colon and dwindle down into the city of San Juan, a great crowd of curious and noisy men, women and children stand every morning, gesticulating half madly at one another, talking very fast and occasionally breaking up into little groups, more excited than the rest. Above their heads there is always a flotilla of big kites, ducking, diving, floating upward, and performing queer tricks as they flirt and play with the ocean wind billowing inward from the southern sea.

One great red paper monster darted swiftly upward above the others on one occasion. Then a shout went up from the crowd. It seemed to be having a race with a blue one sailing dangerously near. A hundred trembling arms with outstretched fingers were raised frantically in the air, shaking five and ten peso notes, offering bets on the red. The champions of the blue made verbal pools, and so the betting went on, amid tremendous excitement, more noticeable than a public demonstration in honor of the governor general.

Suddenly the flyer of the blue, a dirty little Catanian, unwound several yards of string that guided his airship. Its tail was long, striped like the hide of a zebra, and loaded with strips of cardboard all along its graceful length. Little American flags floated from the edges of the kite and the end of the tail, for this Porto Rican was a diplomat, like his brothers. And when he unwound the guiding lever, at once the blue shot up, huddled close beside the red for a moment, and then at once, with an incomprehensible movement, it darted across the face of its antagonist and in a moment the latter was floating downward uncontrollably toward the ground. The sharp, curved knife with which the blue was burdened had severed the string of the red, and the latter had lost and the victorious kite flew upward like a newly liberated bird.

The knife is a necessary and legitimate burden of every kite that enters the betting ring, and this seems to enhance the uncertainty of the sport, and it requires a magnificent display of skill to avoid the blades or to attack an antagonist. The skill which men and even boys display in this respect is sometimes almost astounding.

In a country where cockfighting is a national sport, and where bullfighting would be in vogue if the American authorities would permit, where gambling is the chief pastime of both men and women, it is somewhat surprising that so mild a practice as kiteflying should hold the attention with the power that it does. The element of chance, however, and the right to unlimited and unrestricted betting, has carried it swiftly into popular favor, and so it remains to-day.

In Porto Rico Laurio, now moved to Havana, was for years the potentate of kites. He used to sit in the sun there under the soft blue sky, way up on hill near old Cristobal Colon, and he had his colored paper spread about him, with little heaps of long, slender sticks carved from the big redwood tree. His paste pot stood beside him, as he whittled with a long, keen blade like a machete.

From the hands of the old Cuban there has come many a prizewinner. One was five feet in height and three feet in width, and it was covered over with the flag of Cuba, and it bore itself haughtily in the wind. Its flyer tossed it up from one of the flat roofs of the Cerro, and it drew a chattering crowd bigger than a Gomez parade, and it felt its importance, for it tugged hatefully at the string and struggled with emotional jerks to be free. It was so symbolic of the spirit of Havana that the mob went wild with cheering, and a little Cuban police officer, in the brand-new regulation blue uniform, with silver decorations, tried to assert his authority.—N. Y. Sun.

This Count Is Doing Time.

For a couple of years Count Friedrich Hohenthal has been playing hide and seek with the police, who were after him to make him fulfill a two months' sentence of prison for having grossly insulted a station official in the station of Grunewald. The count had tried to escape his sentence by flight to the island of Rugen, but he has been captured and is doing his two months in the prison of Stralsund. His case may be a warning to foreigners visiting Germany not to insult any one wearing a uniform, for such are sacred and carefully protected by the law.—Paris Herald.

Tired of Celebrating.

Branch—Tree, congratulate me, and come along and take something. Yes, you've got to. It's a ten-pound boy. My first, you know.

Tree—Really, Branch, you must excuse me this morning, for I cannot enter into the spirit of the occasion. Do not insist now; I'm in no mood for it.

"What's the matter, old man?"

"It's a boy at our house, too. My eighth, you know."—Stray Stories.

A New Exploration of Tibet.

Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, who has added so much to our knowledge of Central Asia, intends to start on another expedition to that interesting, and in some respects mysterious, land about the middle of the present year. He is to be gone three years, and will try to spend a winter in the Alpine regions of Tibet, at an elevation of 15,000 feet.—Youth's Companion.

FIGHT FOR FUN.

The Extraordinary Antipathy Between Celts of Ireland and Celts of Scotland.

The antipathy between the Celts of Ireland and the Celts of Scotland has often been a source of wonderment to strangers, who are unfamiliar with the complex characteristics of the Celtic temperament. A well-known merchant, who began life in Belfast, Ireland, related an unpleasant experience he had many years ago, to illustrate how strong this race feeling ran in his younger days:

"At the time I speak of," he said, "I was little more than a youth, and was employed in a commission house in Belfast. I had a week's vacation, and spent the last three days of it in a trip to Glasgow and back. I made my trip during the harvest season, when many hundreds of Irish laborers went to Scotland for work. The day of my return I spent wandering about Glasgow, having arranged to take the night boat back to Belfast. I spent the most of the time I had to spare in strolling through the streets in the poorest part of the town, and saw several fights between Irish and Scotch laborers, the apparent hatred between them surprising me, though I had often heard of it before.

"When I arrived at the dock I found the steamboat for Belfast at the pier, and only a few people around. Everything was pleasant until we came to Greenock, where such a crowd of laborers with their wives and children got on board that the steerage and the dock reserved for steerage passengers became crowded.

"As soon as we left Greenock the sky became overcast, and the skipper predicted a dirty night. He was right. A raw, cold wind arose, which stirred up an ugly, chopping sea, and sleet began to fall, which soon changed to drenching rain. In half an hour it seemed to me that nearly everyone on board was either drunk or seasick. It was so cold on deck that my teeth were chattering in my head, and when I went down into the crowded steerage I found the atmosphere unbearable. It was packed with men, women and children, and here and there were groups of people passing whisky bottles around. Every time I passed one of these groups I was offered a drink of whisky, but always declined the offer with the best grace I could.

"I found the deck cold and wet and a little less wretched than the steerage. One-half of the steerage passengers were Irishmen returning home, and a number of others, as far as I could gather from their talk, were Scotch people who were going to see friends in Ireland. Suddenly with a loud "Whirr-r-o-o," an Irish laborer struck a quiet-looking Scotchman in the face. The Scotchman retorted with interest, and in two minutes three or four sets of combatants were fighting. The sailors came along with belaying pins, which they used on the fighters, and, scattering them, put two of the worst offenders in irons. By this time the deck was slippery with blood.

"Then a young fellow, apparently not more than 20, but 'fighting drunk' rushed around and said he wanted the blood of an Irishman. He tried to get up a fight with several people, hitting at them even with his head until he was led away by some of his companions. He evidently got all the fighting he wanted, for ten minutes later I saw him crying, with his face all covered with blood, and all the fight gone out of him. A big man who saw me looking disgusted, tried to pick a quarrel with me by asking:

"'What the —— do you think you are?' Before I had time to reply another man jostled against him and diverted his attention. Words again led to blows, and others joined in the fight. It was nearly always Scotch against Irish, and Irish against Scotch.

"This miserable state of affairs lasted nearly all the way to Belfast. When we arrived there about a dozen of the fighters were in irons, and most of the rest were too drunk to fight any more. I made up my mind after that experience never to travel steerage in a Glasgow steamer in harvest time again."—N. Y. Sun.

SPANISH-AMERICAN REVOLTS.

Revolutionists Keep Alive Their Struggles, Using Neighboring Countries as Their Base.

The most frequent cause of troubles between the Spanish-American republics lies in the fact that, generally, revolutionary movements in any one of them have some affiliation with and support of people living in the neighboring state. For instance, the political exiles from Guatemala go to live in Honduras or Salvador, where they concoct any kind of plan to further their return to their country, prepare ways to invade it and overthrow the actual government. In South America the Ecuadorian rebels are, as usual, drawing arms, recruits and ammunition from Colombia. Whenever a rebellion breaks out in Colombia it succeeds or fails, according to the means of vitality furnished to it from Ecuador. The diplomacy of Spanish-American countries, therefore, is often employed in negotiating to prevent or to have furnished any assembling of political refugees along the frontier of a neigboring state. This is the object of the mission intrusted at the beginning of last March by the government of Ecuador to Senor Luis F. Cerbo. He was sent to Bogota with instructions to urge the Colombian authorities to adopt more serious and efficacious measures than those taken before in order to stop all kinds of assistance in the way of recruiting or buying ammunition and provisions, given to the revolutionists of Ecuador by their friends, the clerical and reactionary leaders who had taken refuge in Colombia, whose neutrality they constantly violate.—N. Y. Tribune.

TO RAISE POTATOES.

White House Grounds to Be Plowed and Planted.

Beauties of the Country to Be Placed Right at President's Door—Effort Is to Enrich Grass Plat.

Midsummer visitors next year will witness the novel sight of corn and potatoes growing in the grounds immediately in front of the executive mansion. The president will not need to leave his official home to seek the beauties of the country, for the country is to be brought to him. He may stand upon the front portico of the white house, view a field of waving corn and revel in the sweet music of the winds blowing through the stalks. It will carry him back to the scenes of his youth and the Trumbull county farm to gaze upon the growing corn and potatoes.

The plat in front of the presidential home is not to be converted into a truck garden solely to give ruralistic appearance, however, nor is it in emulation of Gov. Pingree's scheme to utilize public grounds for the cultivation of tubers for the benefit of the poor. The agriculturists who have made the public grounds a study have failed so far to devise means by which a beautiful green award may be successfully cultivated, and have conceived the idea that grass can only be successfully grown by adopting heroic measures. They say the soil must be restored to its virgin condition. Those properties of which it has been robbed by being kept "too long to grass" can only be restored by planting corn and potatoes. Garlic and dandelions have taken almost complete possession of the lawn, and it is largely to get rid of these objectionable plants that the ground is to be plowed and seeded.

When the plowman invades the precincts of the presidential home and begins turning over the sod passers-by will doubtless stare at him in amazement, but when the corn and potato plants peep through the ground his wonder will grow to bewilderment. The sedate senators and members of the house will also be treated to a surprise, for it is proposed to give the lawn just north of the capitol similar treatment; but when the constituents of the congressmen from the back counties call upon them they will have no trouble in making them feel perfectly at home. They will only need to take them for a stroll through the capitol grounds and talk crop prospects with them.

BOY'S JUGULAR REMOVED.

Part of This Great Vein Cut Out in a Most Remarkable Surgical Operation.

A surgical operation which has attracted a great deal of attention in medical circles, and from which only three people have ever recovered, was performed a few days ago at the New York eye and ear infirmary, and the patient's recovery is thought to be certain. William Jennings, 19 years old, of Greenport, L. I., is the patient. It was found necessary to remove a portion of the left jugular vein. The operation was performed by Dr. Gorham Bacon, with 12 physicians in attendance. The jugular vein was severed just above the collar bone, and then cut from the upper part of the head and the ends knotted, the portion taken out being several inches long. At this point the patient passed through the most critical period. He was not under the influence of a drug, but lost all consciousness. Twice his pulse disappeared entirely. The best methods known to medical science to induce respiration were employed, with the result that he was brought back to consciousness.

OIL TRADE FALLING OFF.

Great Decrease in the Export of Oil from Philadelphia—Causing Alarm.

The exports from Philadelphia of petroleum to foreign ports for the first three months of this year shows a falling off of 22,000,000 gallons in the shipments for a corresponding period of last year. This fact, coupled with the shipments for 1898, which showed a falling off of over 10,000,000 compared with 1897, has caused some alarm in shipping circles, and expression is given to the belief that Bornean oil is being brought into direct competition in the far east with the products of the domestic market. The statement is made among oil men that until 1898, when the Bornean oil fields were extensively developed, the export trade of Philadelphia for over a quarter of a century showed rapid gains. Comment is also made upon the fact that a large number of tank steamers have been withdrawn from this port and entered into the Bornean trade.

NOVEL SIGN OF RECOGNITION.

Gov. Stanley Urges the Swimming Symbol for Twentieth Kansans.

Gov. Stanley, of Kansas, is the originator of an appropriate sign of recognition by members of the Twentieth Kansas, when the regiment returns home.

Gov. Stanley declared that this sign of recognition should be the elevation of the right hand, with two fingers straight and the thumb and other fingers closed.

"Every schoolboy who has attended school in the country districts during the summer months will know what that means," said the governor. "It will mean to go swimming. The Twentieth Kansas is good at swimming. The two uplifted fingers should be the Twentieth recognition sign."

DENSEST FOREST ON EARTH.

There Is Redwood Enough to Last 300 Years at the Present Rate of Cutting.

The habitat of the redwood is peculiar. It is found only in a narrow strip, closely hugging the Pacific coast, stretching from the southern boundary of Oregon or just across the boundary—for there are perhaps 1,000 acres of redwood in Oregon—southward through northern California, nearly to the bay of San Francisco.

The closest and finest growth is in Humboldt county, near the northern end. That portion in Mendocino and Sonoma counties is not as heavy or continuous, nor are the trees as valuable for lumber, as they branch lower down. The wood is, however, of slower growth, is denser and harder, and perhaps more durable. The best lumber and the heaviest growth are everywhere in the valleys and on the flats. On the hillsides the trees are smaller and not so close. Nowhere is there any young growth. The youngest trees, which are found only in the northern portion of the belt, are several hundred years of age.

This is probably the densest forest on earth, as measured by the amount of timber per acre suitable for the sawmill. It is not the size of the trees alone which produces this, although they are exceptionally large, even in this state of large things, but it is the great number of trees, the closeness of their stand. In a redwood forest the sun never shines—it is always twilight. You are, as it were, under the roof of a vast temple, a roof of foliage, supported by great tree columns.

The area of the redwood belt has been carefully mapped, and is, as nearly as can be estimated, 2,000 square miles, or 1,280,000 acres. The stand of timber on this area is not so easy to ascertain, but may be computed thus:

	Feet.
Del Norte county	4,000,000,000
Humboldt county	42,000,000,000
Mendocino county	28,160,000,000
Sonoma county, say	1,000,000,000
Total	75,160,000,000

The annual cut by the mills is 250,000,000 feet. At the present rate of cutting, therefore, the supply will last 300 years. In Mendocino county there is nearly nine times as much timber on an acre as in the southern pineries; in Humboldt county upon 96,443 acres the average stand is 84,000 feet per acre, nearly 17 times as great as in the southern states.

There is one cause of destruction from which this tree is entirely exempt—that is, fire. Containing no pitch, but, on the other hand, a large amount of water, it will not burn when green. No fire can run in a redwood forest. It is the only one of our coniferous lumber trees which is thus exempt.

Redwood is in almost universal use on the California coast. In the construction of houses little other timber is used, even as far south as Los Angeles and San Diego. It is exported as far south as Valparaiso, Chili, and westward to Japan and Australia. Indeed, considering its cheapness, $14 per thousand feet in Eureka for the best, it seems strange that it has not found its way in quantity to the Atlantic coast. Certain it is that before many years redwood will supplant the now vanishing white pine in eastern markets.—National Geographical Magazine.

HE LOST ALL.

Including That Winsome Creature on Whom He Doted, the Lovely Birdy Jones.

It was the first perfect day of the glad springtime. The warm sun brightened the country landscape, and the odor of opening apple blossoms came upon the laden atmosphere. The lazy clouds floated dreamily in the sky overhead, chiefly because they could not go afoot nor on the trolley cars. The rural roads were smooth under the hammer of innumerable wheels, and Clarence Wheeler had stolen Birdy Jones from her haughty Soho home for a ramble on his '97 tandem among the highways of the townships. Stopping from their run, they rested beneath a great oak tree which overhung a wayside spring. Cowbells tinkled in the woodlot below the meadow, and little lambs with wabbly legs three sizes too big for them gamboled on the short green grass. On a broad, flat stone that looked down upon the crystal water Birdy spread the lunch they had carried in the tandem box, and Clarence brought water in a romantic tin can that he had found hard by.

The soft winds toyed with the girl's bleached tresses, which streamed over her face like a photogravure picture of the west wind to illustrate Longfellow's poems. Her cheeks flushed with the vigor of exercise and robust health, and when the young man approached her from the spring his whole thought was centered upon the winsome beauty of the divine creature. He sat down by her side. His soul drank in the charm of the picture. She looked up from the can of embalmed beef that she was opening, with a smile of confident approval on her young face. Suddenly her eye kindled and the rosy flush of young womanhood gave way to a ghastly pallor. Her lip curled in scorn. Her classic head was lifted in anger. "Merciful heaven!" shrieked the young man. "Tell me, dearest girl, what is the matter?"

But she stepped back, and, striking the attitude that she had learned at the Soho Amateur Dramatic club, she pointed her finger at him and said in tones that would wither a load of hay: "All is lost, Clarence Wheeler. You are sitting in the pie!"—Pittsburgh Times.

Preying on Human Weakness.

"How in the world did you manage to sell that lot of vile cigars at such a good price?" asked the proprietor.

"S-sh!" returned the clerk, cautiously. "I told the man they were smuggled, and he never asked another question."—Chicago Post.

IN A HOTEL FIRE.

How the Guests Act When the Alarm Is Given.

A Steady Nerve Is a Person's Only Salvation—To Become Terror-Stricken Means Sure Destruction.

The recent burning of the Windsor hotel in New York city has set people all over the country to thinking of what they would do in a similar case. In consequence of which the fire chiefs of the various large cities have been deluged with letters of inquiries for rules for escape. The average person seems to think, says a veteran fireman, that you can lay general rules for contingencies which are not once in a century of like circumstances. The fact of the matter is that no one can predirect escape from such a fire as that of the Windsor. The only thing which can possibly save anyone is just what most people under those conditions have not—steady nerve.

Every fireman who goes into such a place is in as much danger as the guests, with the possible difference that his respirator protects him from poisonous fumes. But, as for knowing which way to turn, he knows even less than the transient roomer. He relies on his native good sense, which discipline has preconserved for him. In other words, he keeps his head about him.

When a fire alarm is given in an hotel the first impulse of the guests, especially if it be at night, is to rush out into the hall. Halls being the best of flues they are always filled with smoke, if not with flame, long before the room is impregnated. The guests, who did not notice in calmer moments which way to turn to the stair, invariably run in that direction which seems to be most free from fire. This is, of course, away from the stair. Finding the way blind, or an unknown passage stretching away before him, he returns straightway, that is if he can, to his room, although he does not know exactly why. He has a dim idea that it is to consider. But under such circumstances consideration is impossible. So he rushes out again, only to find, in all probability, that the flames have now reached the door of his room. If there be not a fire escape leading from his window he is lost. He has let his golden opportunity slip by.

No fireman ever stops to think. If his instinct cannot guide him aright, he is unworthy of the place.

Discussion of the various kinds of fire-escapes is now engaging the attention of the New York hotel keepers.

In keeping with the requirements of the law there are rope fire-escapes in all hotels where there are no balcony and iron ladder fire-escapes, but every large fire demonstrates that the rope is not a trustworthy means of escape. In most instances these ropes are just as they came from the original coil, and to descend by means of one of them, hand over hand, from a high point, requires considerable acrobatic skill and not a little endurance, both of which would count for nothing among panic-stricken people.

In a few hotels the ropes are knotted at intervals of about two feet, which makes the task of descending a little less hazardous. Some houses are supplied with ladders made by connecting two ropes with wooden rungs, but as these ladders when swung from a window hang flat against the wall they offer a poor foothold, and another ladder similar to this, but with offsets which keep it away from the wall, has found some sale. But the rope ladders as well as the smooth or knotted ropes are not practicable for hysterical women, children, invalids or injured persons, because to be of service the people who make use of them must possess qualities which should be looked for only in calm and healthy adults.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Legend of Eve.

Allusions to Eden in the Old Testament literature are extremely scarce, and the story of Eve's temptation first assumes prominence in the writings of St. Paul. The marks of Zoroastrian thought in it have often been pointed out. This garden of Eden is a true Persian paradise, situated somewhere in that remote wonderland of Aryana Vaejo to which all Iranian tradition is so fond of pointing back. The wily serpent is a genuine Parsee serpent, and the spirit which animates him is that of the malicious and tricksome Ahriman, who takes delight in going about after the good creator Ormuzd and spoiling his handiwork. He is not yet identified with the terrible Satan, the accusing angel who finds out men's evil thoughts and deeds. He is simply a mischief-maker, and the punishment meted out to him for his mischief reminds one of many a curious passage in the beast epochs of primitive peoples. As in the stories which tell why the mole is blind or why the fox has a bushy tail, the serpent's conduct is made to account for some of his peculiar attributes. As a punishment he is made to crawl upon his belly, and be forever an object of especial dread and loathing to all the children of Eve.—John Fiske, in Atlantic.

Persia to Contest.

The shah of Persha is a profound believer in the possibility of his country once more assuming the proud position it once held. The Persians ought to rule the world, in his opinion; the power of Great Britain will wane ere long, and there will be a contest among the nations for the place. Persia, he says, will be in that contest.—N. Y. Sun

Trying to Be Funny.

"Henry, it has been discovered that there is poison in all wall paper."

"Well, don't worry about that; we may not have to eat any."—Puck.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Fifteen thousand people are employed in making violins in Germany.

The United States sold $130,000 of sole leather to Japan last year.

In ten years the production of steam engines in Germany has more than doubled.

A machine has been completed that will count and bind in packages 500,000 postcards in ten hours.

After three years of experiment the soil of Missouri has been found unsuitable for the sugar-beet.

A society has been formed in Vienna for the purpose of testing inventions and providing means to those who have them not for applying them practically.

The pneumatic tube delivery system, which is in operation in a large New York hotel, handles 10,000 articles and packages daily, including visitors' cards, letters, newspapers and small parcels.

Beans and acorns often lift heavy masses of earth in their struggles to reach the light. Mushrooms have displaced flagging stones in a number of instances. A stone 80 pounds in weight was uplifted recently by three giant mushrooms.

Glass tubes for water, gas and sewage are about to be introduced. A Pennsylvania company, which is manufacturing these pipes, expects that they will displace iron pipes, as the glass ones will not corrode, and are more durable than iron.

A substitute for galvanizing iron and steel, which consists in the use of a bath composed of zinc, tin and aluminium, produces a coating that is so firmly adherent that the sheets will permit working and will resist corrosion. It is further claimed that metal thus treated can be raised to a red heat without injury.

It has been discovered that the clay of which our common red bricks are made contains gold, about 25 cents' worth to every ton of bricks. An ingenious person has calculated that as there are at least 5,000,000 tons of bricks in London, there must be at least $1,250,000 worth of the precious metal locked up in the walls of that metropolis alone.

BARONESS HIRSCH.

The Great Amount of Good She Did with Her Vast Wealth.

In her own way Baroness Hirsch was as remarkable a person as her husband. Worth many millions in her own right, she gave freely of her wealth as well as of that left by him. She was a daughter of the late Senator Bischofheim of Brussels, head of the great banking house of Bischofheim & Goldschmid, that financed the Erie railway reorganization in 1871. The baroness as a girl was her father's secretary, and developed the method and accuracy that characterized her whole life. At 22 she married Baron Hirsch, and was of great help to him in all his financial undertakings, as well as in his philanthropic plans. She was highly educated, writing and speaking German, English, French and several other languages. The Hirsch establishment in Paris was managed with great care, the baroness personally seeing to every detail. Always ready to dispense charity, she guarded rigidly against waste.

After her husband's death her duties increased enormously. He left an estate of $25,000,000, much of which was bequeathed to charity. Millions have been spent in colonizing large bodies of Russian refugees in the United States and the Argentine Republic. In 1896 the baroness promulgated a plan for benevolent work in the United States. Oscar Straus of New York was consulted by her as to methods, but he declared that she had definite plans regarding what she meant to do. Finding that the Hirsch school in New York was in a rented building, she gave $150,000 to rear a house of its own. She especially wished to help working girls of that city. A home for working girls was the result, she giving $200,000 for ground and buildings, and an annual income of $12,000. Having organized several similar homes in Belgium, she was familiar with the work.

The condition of the Russian Jews in New York city especially appealed to her. She investigated the situation thoroughly, and then informed the trustees of the Baron Hirsch fund that she had placed at their disposal $1,000,000 for the permanent relief of these people. In all, a careful estimate shows that she spent $1,500,000 in New York city in charitable work after her husband's death, besides the annual income of the fund of $2,400,000 created by the baron. She left several million pounds sterling, chiefly bequeathed to charities.—Woman's Journal.

An Almost Black Rose.

In Russia there is a misdirected individual who indulges in both scientific research and floriculture, who is expending a vast amount of time and energy in trying to perfect a coal-black rose. With a patience worthy of a better cause he has worked for years on his scheme, and is reported to have been moderately successful in attaining his object. He has at last succeeded in producing a number of the hideous roses that are much nearer to blackness than any other flower known. There is one fortunate thing about his experiments—the bushes cannot be absolutely relied on to produce the funereal flower, throwing back very frequently to the deep red rose that was used as the base for his experiment. Still he does get a rose that is very much darker than any other rose, even when it is not absolutely black, and still lives in hope that his object, a permanently black flower, may be achieved before his death. Of just what use the flower will be if he succeeds in growing it perfectly, neither he nor anyone else knows.—N. Y. Times.